

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXXI.—NO 2

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1898.

PRICE THREE CENTS.



No. 202.
This quarter-stitching machine is a new and improved model. It has a 6-inch wide bed, a large wheel, and a strong cast-iron frame. It is a perfect machine for all kinds of sewing, and is a great help to every housewife. It is a perfect machine for all kinds of sewing, and is a great help to every housewife. It is a perfect machine for all kinds of sewing, and is a great help to every housewife.

FOR
Fly Wire,
Tin Ware,
Gum Hose,
Agate Ware,
Door Screens,
Croquet Sets,
Wooden Ware,
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Ice Cream Freezers,
GO TO
W. S. LETHERBURY'S,
DEALER IN
Hardware, Stoves, Tinware

I HAVE A NICE LOT OF
MACKINTOSHES

AT **\$3.00!**

Suitable for Christmas Presents. Ladies',
Misses' and Men's Box and
Cape Coats.

All goods selected now will be kept
until Christmas if so desired.

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**Golden
College**

**BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND
COURSES WILMINGTON, DEL.**
Twelfth year. 200 students from 20
places and distant states have attended.
Famous for quickly starting young people
on successful careers. Through
its brief Commercial and Shorthand
Courses, 200 students from everywhere
(some 10 ladies and 30 graduates last
year) largest attendance and class.
Original plan for boarding students in
Private Homes for \$3.50 a Week.
Money saved here. Write to any citizen,
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Wilmington about Golden College. Grad-
uates aided to positions. Self-support
quickly given through our Short
Courses. Send for Enrollment Blank.
Seats in demand.
Our magnificent Catalogue will
delight and amaze you. One of the
finest in the world. Just send for it
and see. It is free.
H. S. GOLDBY, Principal of Golden
College, Commercial and Shorthand
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Business Women

may increase
their income
by addressing:

**THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF NEW YORK.

Harrisons'—BERLIN, MD.

Budded last season over one and a half Million Peach Trees
from Natural Tennessee Seed, and on land that has not been peach-
ed. In a locality with no yellows or scale, and as healthy as can be
grown. Come and see them before you buy.

REFERENCE:
EDITOR OF TRANSCRIPT.
A. HUSHEBECK, Agent,
Middletown, Delaware.

What Everybody Knows,

Or ought to know, is that health and even
life itself depends upon the condition of
the blood. Feeding, as it does, all the
organs of the body, it must be rich and
pure in order to give proper nourishment.
Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure,
rich and nourishing, and in this way
strengthens the nerves, creates an appetite,
tones the stomach and builds up the health.
Hood's Sarsaparilla wards off colds, pneu-
monia and fevers, which are prevalent at
this time.

Diseases often lurk in the blood before
they openly manifest themselves. There-
fore keep the blood pure with Hood's
Sarsaparilla.

The Florida Limited.
Three entire new trains for Southern Rail-
way's Florida Service. The Southern Rail-
way will inaugurate its Florida Limited on
January 17th, 1898. The three trains built
for this service are the finest that have ever
been turned out by the Pullman Company.
This season's schedule will be the fastest
and most convenient ever operated between
Eastern cities and the resorts of the South.
The Florida Limited will leave Broad
Street Station daily, except Sunday, at 2.36
P. M. and arrive at Jacksonville at 1.10 P.
M. and St. Augustine 2.20 P. M. Write to
Jno. M. Beall, District Passenger Agent, 828
Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, for further
information and advance Pullman reserva-
tion.

Pain-Killer.
(GREAT REMEDY)
A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case
and every kind of Bowel Complaint is
Pain-Killer.

This is a true statement and it can't be
made too strong or too emphatic.
It is a simple, safe and quick cure for
Croup, Cough, Rheumatism,
Colic, Colds, Neuralgia,
Diarrhea, Cramp, Toothache.
TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

**Gurdon's
Aunt**



HEN Little Gurdon
asked me to spend
a fortnight of the
vacation with
his people I was
inclined at first
to think it was a
piece of "impu-
dence" on his part.
I suppose little

Gurdon must have seen what was in
my mind, for he apologized, and ex-
plained that it was because he had said
so much in his letters about my speeches
in the School Debating Society that his
father had sent the invitation.

"My gov'nor isn't a bad sort," urged
little Gurdon modestly, "as gov'nor's
only that he's rather an invalid. And
my aunt—that's his sister—she's a
very good sort, too. Considered rather
swagger in the way of looks. And
there's the river close to our place, and
there'll be one or two people staying
there; and altogether, if you didn't
mind, Burleigh?"

"Tell you what," I said, in rather a
burst of generosity, "you run out and
smuggle in a tin of sardines, and I'll
ask my people to let me come to you
for a week or so. Will you try?"

"Like a shot!" said little Gurdon.
"Mind," I said, "if I'm bored I shall
bunk off home. I know what country
houses can be when they've made up
their minds."

"I think you'll find it pretty lively,"
said Gurdon.
"What age is your aunt?" I said,
putting a bolt of pomat on that
blessed tuft of hair that gives me more
worry than anything else in the world.

"Oh, I don't know," said Gurdon.
The usual age. One tin of sardines
you said, I think?"

I was at home in Kensington for
about a fortnight, and then I went
from Paddington down to Gurdon's
place. My mother saw me off at the
station, and there, of course, she must
needs give me away by kissing me and
telling me to be a good boy. It's one
thing to be kissed by women folks in
the house; it's quite another thing to
be snubbed over in public. A brown-
faced man with a beard was getting in
to a smoking compartment (name on his
portmanteau, "arde"), and if he had
laughed I should have asked him what
he jolly well meant by it. Fortunately
for him, he didn't.

I mention this chap to introduce him
into this story. He was a decent looking
fellow, and when (at Westbourne
Park) I changed into the smoking com-
partment, I found out in the course of
the journey that he was going to the
Gurdons' place. He hadn't very much
to say for himself, but I'm rather good
at conversation, and I talked nearly all
the way down to Taplow, and told him
what I thought of several things.

"Burleigh," said little Gurdon, ex-
citedly, when we stepped out, I'm aw-
fully glad to see you! I've been afraid
something might happen to prevent
you from coming. Man like you must
have lot of calls on his time, I know,
and—Hello, Mr. Ward! Is that you?
Didn't know you were coming by this
train."

Mr. Ward said that his boat had ar-
rived rather earlier than was expected.
"Let me introduce you to my friend
Burleigh," said little Gurdon, proudly.
"Never heard him speak on foreign
politics, I suppose?"

"Mr. Ward, as he stepped up into
the trap, confessed that he had not been
so fortunate.
"Ah," said little Gurdon, fervently,
you've got a treat in store!"

I was a little disappointed on arriv-
ing at the house to find that Gurdon's
governor, who was lying on a couch,
did not make quite so much fuss over
me as little Gurdon had done, and that
he seemed on very friendly terms with
Mr. Ward. But I had a wash and
put some fresh scent on my handker-
chief; and then the aunt came in,
and when she put in an appearance I
forgot everything else. Sounds an ex-
travagant thing to say, I know, but
she was absolutely the most charming
girl I had ever seen in all the course of
my existence.

She shook hands with Mr. Ward in
rather a reserved way, and said, with-
out looking at him, that she hoped he
had had a pleasant voyage home. He
said that any voyage would have been
pleasant which brought him nearer Tap-
low, and upon this he glanced at Gur-
don's father, who was watching them
both rather keenly, and then turned to
me.

"You are the statesman, Mr. Bur-
leigh, at your school, aren't you?"
"I know something about public af-
airs," I said.

"I'm afraid you'll find us rather be-
hindhand here," remarked Gurdon's
aunt. "We think of nothing but the
river."

"Dare you're not too bold to learn."
"The river," said Gurdon's father
from the couch, "is a most dangerous
place."

"You mean because it's so easy to
fall in, sir?" I said.

"Because there it is so easy to fall in
love," answered Gurdon's father good-
humorously. "When you're five or six
years older, my boy, you'll find that
out. What do you say, Ward? And
you, Winnie?"

"I say," said Gurdon's aunt quickly
"that we'd better have something to
eat. Are you sure you don't mind us
leaving you for a time?"

She bent down over Gurdon's father
affectionately as she asked the question.
Her face was flushed, and, "pon my
word, she looked—well first-class.

"My dear little sister," said Gur-
don's father, patting her cheeks, "don't
worry yourself about your helpless nu-
sance of a brother. Look after the
visitors."

"I am also going to look after you,
dear," said Gurdon's father.

"She's a most obstinate young woman.
She will always have her own way."

"I've noticed that," said Mr. Ward,
looking at her.

"Whose way should I have but my
own?" she asked, cheerfully. "Mr.
Burleigh, take me into the dining-
room; Mr. Ward, you can follow with
Bob."

"With all that, she's the best young
woman in the world."

"That fact also," said Mr. Ward
(and I thought it was rather a bit of
cheek on his part to say it), "that fact
also has not escaped my observation."

At table Gurdon's aunt let me sit
next to her, and I talked away a good
deal, and little Gurdon said afterward
that he considered I was in very good
form. I asked little Gurdon how old
he thought his aunt was, and it turned
out that she was close upon twenty-five.

I was rather disappointed to find that
she was so old, but, thinking it over on
the way down to the river, I could see
that years were nothing providing
hearts were right, and if she didn't
mind waiting until I left school, why,
there was no reason why I shouldn't
make her an offer without delay. She
was walking with little Gurdon down
to the boat-house (having first made her
brother quite comfortable on a long
basket-chair looking out to the lawn), and
I was with Ward. Ward seemed the
kind of chap who improves an ac-
quaintance, and he had traveled a good
deal, and if it hadn't been that he was
rather too attentive to Gurdon's aunt
I dare say I could have stood him
fairly well. I asked him what age he
thought a man ought to be when he
married, and whether he thought sev-
en or eighteen was too young, and he
said that he thought that about
twice that age was nearer the mark.

"What," I asked, "thirty odd?"
"About that," said Mr. Ward
calmly.

"Ridiculous!" I said. I felt annoyed.
"Why, a man could fall in love over
and over again before he reached that
age."

"That's the idea," remarked Mr.
Ward. "But at that age he would know
his own mind."

"Shouldn't think it would be worth
knowing," I said sharply. "What do
you think of Gurdon's aunt?" He
looked at me rather inquisitively be-
fore he replied.

"I think a good deal of her, young-
ster," he said. "Why do you ask the
question?"

"I have my reasons," I said, with
reserve. "Struck me that you were
not on very friendly terms with each
other."

He seemed amused at this, and clapped
me on the shoulder in a very cheerful
way, as though he was rather glad to
hear it. When at the riverside near
the trees Gurdon's aunt and little Gur-
don caught us up, it was decided that
Ward should sleep, that little Gurdon
should steer, and that I should sit
next to Gurdon's aunt!

"The hamper!" cried Gurdon's aunt
suddenly.

We had all forgotten it. Off little
Gurdon and I pattered, found it, and
started down to the riverside again. And
here comes the important part of this
story, and I want you to read more
carefully, if you don't mind.

I let little Gurdon carry the hamper
himself the second part of the way
across the fields; for one thing it was
very heavy, and for another, I wanted
to get back and listen to her voice (I'm
not sure whether I told you what a
pleasant quiet way of talking she had.
No wonder her brother liked her to be
near him on his bad days.) I hurried
on, and presently through the trees on
the edge of the river I saw them in the
boat waiting. I crept up and listened.

"The doctor says that he cannot last
much longer," I heard her say.

"I scarcely know what to be glad
or sorry. I beg your pardon, dear.
Of course, I'm sorry. I like him al-
most as much as you do. Still I can't
help wishing—"

"But you mustn't," said she seri-
ously.

"We could run up to town for a few
days while your nephew and this other
youngster are here."

"No," she said, with a good deal
of earnestness.

"I bet you as much as a penny, dear
girl," he said, "that I love you more
before you are many days older."

"You must not bet," she answered
reprovingly; "you must not call me
'dear girl,' and elopements are early
Victorian and no longer fashionable." I
coughed. "And you really think,
then, Mr. Ward," she said in a louder
voice, as I came through the trees,
"that Turkey is bound to go? I'm
afraid I have never properly understood
the Eastern question."

I kept a very careful watch on him,
not only on the river as we went Cook-
ham way, but also while we had lunch
—the ham-and-veal pie was a perfect
dream; little Gurdon and I finished it—
and afterward on the return journey
and in the evening, when she played
queer little pieces by Grieg to her
brother, and the rest of us sat on the
lawn and sipped iced things. Once or
twice I thought that Gurdon's father
was also watching carefully, and I
made up my mind that I would do any-
thing to defend her from Ward, even
if it came to telling Gurdon's father
about his impudent proposal. Little
Gurdon was quite concerned about me

and asked if I wasn't enjoyin' myself,
and I told him sharply to mind his own
business. He seemed rather annoyed
at this, and went over to Ward, who
explained to him with matches how the
Egyptian troops were managed in the
last affair. I cheered up when she
came out and spoke to me, and I felt
sure Ward or anybody else in the
world was quite unworthy to touch her
hand. Excepting me, of course.

"Have you any brothers or sisters,
Master Burleigh?"

I wished she had called me Sidney,
but I didn't dare ask her to do so.

"I'm the only one, Miss Gurdon."
"You don't know what it is to care
for one's brother very much then? It
is my great sorrow that my brother is
not strong."

"[Sigh.] I said, 'he can't expect you
to nurse him all his life, can he?'"

"Yes," she said simply, "he can."
She looked through the French win-
dows into the room where her brother
was.

"Rather a tie, surely, Miss Gurdon,"
I said. "Doesn't it sometimes get jolly
irksome?"

"Not at all," she answered quickly.
"Since Mrs. Gurdon died it has been
my duty to look after him."

"It's a part I shouldn't care to play.
If it was my case, I should simply go
to him, and I should say, 'Look here,
I should say—'"

"Master Burleigh," she said, placing
her hand lightly on my shoulder. "Do
you mind if I tell you that you have
much to learn yet?"

"I'm not so sure about that," I said
quickly. "Besides, I—Don't go,
Miss Gurdon. I like talking to you."

"I must see to my brother."
"Butcher your brother!" I thought.
"Chap's a nuisance."

I wasn't feeling on the best of terms
with anybody, and I therefore rather
gratified me when, a day or two later,
I found out, by looking at a telegram
sent one of the men was taking to
the postoffice, that Mr. Ward had a
deep scheme in hand, and was arrang-
ing it, as he thought, very cautiously.

I had to think over the matter a good
deal before I decided what to do; little
Gurdon was rather upset because I
wouldn't play cricket with him. A man
can't give his mind to cricket when it's
fully occupied elsewhere. Although I'd
a pretty tidy experience of the world,
I had never had to deal with a
case like this before, and my idea, you
understand, was to work it all out in
the most effective way possible.

The chance came one evening, when
we were all on the lawn. Mr. Gurdon
had brought out on his invalid chair;
little Gurdon was close beside him,
and Gurdon's aunt and Ward were
near the house talking in an under-
tone. I had been very quiet for some
time, only answering "Yes" and "No"
when I was spoken to. I was leaving
the following day, and what I had
to say had to be said now or not
at all. I looked at Gurdon's aunt, in
her white serge dress and I told myself
that I was about to do was for
her good, and that quieted any com-
punction that I may have had in doing
it.

"Mr. Gurdon!"
"Burleigh!"

"Do you mind—do you mind calling
Miss Gurdon and Mr. Ward? I have
something to tell you."

"Of importance?"
"Of great importance."

"What's it about?" asked little Gur-
don curiously.

"Nothing to do with you," I said
sharply. "Get indoors. It's not a
subject for youngsters."

"Shall I go in, father?"
"May as well, my boy." Little Gur-
don ran off. "And send your aunt and
Mr. Ward here." He turned slightly
on his chair. "Now then, Burleigh."

"Wait till they come."
"My dear," said Mr. Gurdon to his
sister, good-temperedly, "this young
man has a statement to make that re-
quires an audience. It is either a de-
claration of foreign policy or a protest
against the pitch of our cricket field,
I'm not sure which."

"Mr. Gurdon," I said. (I can tell
you I felt beastly nervous standing up
there in the dim light with those three
grown-up people before me; but I put
on my Debating Society voice, and
grinned the back of a chair.) "Mr.
Gurdon, since I've been staying here
I've discovered something about Mr.
Ward's proceedings that I think you
ought to know."

"My dear Ward," said Mr. Gurdon,
laughing, "I have always said that
you special correspondent's were capable
of anything."

"I am sorry to say, sir," I went on,
"that Miss Gurdon is also concerned
in it; but I should like to add that she
is entirely blameless in the matter. What-
ever I have to say must not be taken
as any censure upon her."

"Brother!" she said, hurriedly going
toward him.

"My dear," he said, "take my hand.
Let us hear this young gentleman. I
think his story promises to be interest-
ing."

"It is my duty, I conceive, sir, as a
guest in your house, to bring to your
notice anything that is going on under
your roof of which you may not have
cognizance. I take it, sir, that in do-
ing what I am about to do, I am only
doing an honest, manly, and straight-
forward act."

"Never mind that, my lad. Get to
the facts."

"The facts, sir, are these. This
gentleman, if the term can be properly
applied to him, has been inducing your
sister, Miss Gurdon, to go away with
him."

Her white hand trembled, and Mr.
Gurdon pressed it affectionately.

"He has used argument after argu-
ment, I am sorry to say, and I happen
to know that he has telegraphed to
London to make arrangements for
them both to remain a few days there
next week."

"How did you know that, you young
bouncer?" broke in Ward.

"Allow me to finish without inter-
ruption," I said. "You will have an
opportunity of speaking when I have
done. You see, sir—I turned to Mr.
Gurdon—that a conspiracy has been
growing under your very eyes—a con-
spiracy that is more than a shadow, a
conspiracy that is like the prowling
lion who unless nipped in the—"

"I find your metaphors somewhat
confused, Burleigh," said Mr. Gurdon.
"But continue."

"Therefore, sir," I said, "I ask Mr.
Ward to say whether it is or is not true
that he has been contemplating this,
whether he thinks it likely to improve
Miss Gurdon's good name or otherwise,
and whether, in short—"

"Gurdon," said Mr. Ward, stepping
forward. "I must explain this."

"Let me do so," appealed Miss Gur-
don. "A few words from me—"

"Now, now, now," said Mr. Gurdon,
patting her white hand gently; "how
do you know that any explanation is
needed? A man may be an invalid
and yet have his wits about him. A
man may not be mad, may not have
months to live, and yet—"

"Dear, dear brother!" She bent and
kissed his hand very affectionately.

"And yet retain something of his old
acuteness. Why, I know what Master
Burleigh here does not know." He
stroked her head as she sank down
near to him. "I know that my young
sister was quietly married to my friend
Ward before he went out with the
last Egyptian expedition, that she kept
it from her useless and tiresome
brother."

"No, no, dear! Not that!"
"Useless and tiresome brother," he
repeated (but his voice quavered), "be-
cause she had made up her mind to
nurse him and look after him until—
until the end. And that same useless
and tiresome brother is very, very
grateful to his dear sister, and he will
never forget her and all her goodness."

She was sobbing now, and he, too,
had tears in his voice.

"Ward, my dear fellow," he said,
"be a good husband to her, won't you?
Burleigh, my boy, run in and get off to
bed. I will be off early in the morn-
ing. I want to talk to my sister and
to my brother-in-law."

"I hope, sir," I said, with respect,
"that you will understand, and that
Miss Gurdon will understand, that if I
had known—"

"It is only as we grow old," said Mr.
Gurdon, cheerfully, "that we find out
how ignorant we are. Good-night,
Burleigh. And good-by."

NO HARD TIMES FOR THE FARMERS
OF THE NORTHWEST.

Contrary to the prevailing impres-
sion, these four years of prostration
and disaster were but little felt by the
farmers of the Northwest. The de-
cline in real-estate values has been al-
most wholly confined to the cities.
There has been no sensible fall in the
price of farm-lands. In southern Min-
nesota, where mixed farming prevails,
the farmers have been prosperous
through all the hard times, and al-
though pinched by the low prices of
their chief product for several years,
the wheat farmers as a class have more
than held their own. They have been
enormously better off than the indus-
trial classes in the cities. The foreclo-
sures which have strewn the cities with
wrecks of former fortunes have been
very rare in the country. With the re-
turn, at least temporarily, of higher
prices for their products, the farmers
of the Northwest are enjoying period
of prosperity which is reflected in the
cities.

A careful estimate places the market
value of the crops just harvested in the
three prairie States approximately as
follows: Minnesota, \$105,000,000;
North Dakota, \$60,000,000; South Da-
kota, \$40,000,000—Total, \$205,000,000;
which is equal to an average of about
\$800 for each farm in the three States,
without counting the revenues from
cattle, sheep, butter, eggs, etc.

It is a safe prediction that, of what-
ever prosperity is in store for the United
States, a large relative share will
fall to this New Northwest; for it is
yet in its infancy of development. In
1890 the total acreage of Minnesota
farms, improved and unimproved, was
18,603,654, leaving at least 20,000,000
acres of fertile soil still unoccupied.
The farms of the two Dakotas, includ-
ing their unimproved acreage, embrace
only 19,000,000 of the 90,000,000 acres
in these States, most of which is arable.
Not a tithe of the mineral wealth of
the mountain States has been devel-
oped. Alaska, reached by numerous
steamship lines from Seattle, Tacoma,
and Portland, with its boundless wealth
of auriferous rivers and mountains, is
an outpost of this Northwest belt.
Large areas of fertile and arid land in
Montana, Washington, and north-west-
ern Dakota now useful only as pastures
for cattle and sheep, may easily be con-
verted into fruitful fields by a scientific
system of irrigation, for which nature
affords abundant facilities in the moun-
tain streams and in the Artesian basins
which underlie the Dakota plains.
The areas adapted to agriculture in
other sections of the United States are
so largely occupied that immigration
will be turned perforce to these broad
expanses of fertile plain and valley in
the New Northwest. And he would
not be a too sanguine prophet who,
knowing that in the United States, to-
day, taking into view all the progres-
sive forces in operation in this field,
should estimate its probable population
at 10,000,000 in 1910—From "The
New Northwest," by J. A. Wheeler,
Harper's Magazine for January.

**Washington
Letter**



THE U. S. Treas-
ury starts into
1898 with a more
pleasing outlook
than it had at the
beginning of a
year for some
time. There was
a surplus of about
\$1,750,000 for the
month of Decem-

ber, and it is reasonably certain that
with the exception of the present
month, and possibly April, when
heavy quarterly payments on account
of pensions have to be made, every
month of the present fiscal year will
show a surplus. It should not be for-
gotten that the payments made on ac-
count of the purchase of the Union
Pacific Railroad were not included to
make that December surplus. While
this condition is gratifying to Presi-
dent McKinley and every Republican,
it is especially gratifying to Chairman
Dingley, who predicted many months
ago, when the extra session of Con-
gress was considering his tariff bill,
that the government's financial condi-
tion would improve, just as it has
done under the operation of that bill as
a law. On Saturday, Mr. Dingley
furnished the Press Associations with
a detailed statement of the revenues
under the Dingley law and of the reve-
nue outlook.

Judge McComas, who was so popu-
lar in Washington when he was a mem-
ber of the House and who has increas-
ed in popularity since he occupied a
seat upon the bench of the Supreme
Court of the District of Columbia, has
forged ahead in the Senatorial race in
Maryland since Gov. Lowmire, who is
also very popular in Washington,
withdrew in his favor, and the im-
pression is now general that Judge
McComas will be elected to succeed
Senator Gorman. It is no reflection
upon the other gentlemen who are can-
didates, active or passive, to say that
the election of Judge McComas to the
Senate would please more Republicans
in Washington than the election of any
other man named.

President McKinley is thoroughly ac-
live to the meaning of the present
attitude of the great powers of Europe
towards China. He knows that they
are after commerce as well as territory.
The U. S. wants no territory as far
away as China, but it does want to keep
the valuable Chinese trade it already has
and to add to it, and while not intend-
ing to get mixed in any European deals
or squabbles, it does intend to take
whatever steps may be necessary to
protect American commercial interests
in China. The U. S. has treaty rights
in China which must be recognized by
any power that acquires territory by
any means in that country, and with
that end solely in view, the President
and his advisers are watching every
move made by the powers of Europe in
or towards China. In other words

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REFORM IN CIVIL SERVICE.

The "Every Evening" either cannot or will not understand. The TRANSCRIPT has said that under the rules of the Civil Service there are employees by the thousands who because of the infirmities of age are incompetent to discharge the duties naturally expected of them. "Every Evening" says this should not be the rule, but that the law says that it shall not kill, the divine and the civil law, yet murders are committed every day. We affirm from experience that there are employees in the Federal Buildings to-day who are unfit to discharge the duties which their salaries demand of them and many of them are unfit for any duty except to kill time and to draw pay. We say they are there because they claim the protection of the Civil Service rules, the "Every Evening's" declaration to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The writer has been directed by superior officials to place such employees in a "sunshine corner" and let them pass the time. In the following quotation from "Every Evening" the employee's duty and only duty was to stamp the date of the receipt of letters. He knew enough to secure and to hold his place under Civil Service rules but not to stamp the letters correctly. There was no other duty he could perform satisfactorily, except to draw his salary. That is Civil Service Reform as it is, the "Every Evening's" statement to the contrary, notwithstanding. We quote:

"The instance cited by the TRANSCRIPT, of the employee who did not, or could not, stamp letters correctly," is far from conclusive. If it was not part of the duties of that employee to stamp letters, and he was able to perform his official duties intelligently and correctly, then it made no difference how he stamped letters. But if it was a material part of his duties to stamp letters, and he could not do so correctly, then he should have been summarily dismissed. In fact, the Civil Service Reform regulations would demand his discharge. Civil Service Reform does not shield incompetent officials, but aims to secure good ones and keep them in office. It is the spoils system that loads the public service with incompetents."

But Civil Service Reform does shield incompetent officials, we speak from experience, and the statement by "Every Evening" is like most mugwump waddle—because matters should be therefore they are. The TRANSCRIPT is not opposed to any reform except sham reform, and in this connection we are led to affirm that "Every Evening" cannot produce from its files any protest made by it because of the removal by Mr. Cleveland of government employees who were Republicans—such protests as "Every Evening" has made were but silly dissimulations made by Mr. Harrison or those made by President McKinley. Honest Civil Service Reform is not partisan. We leave this statement—it is correct in every particular—to the fair judgment of our readers.

"Every Evening" declares itself in favor of "State, county and city Civil Service Reform." In other words it favors the continuance of the present State, county and city officials in the respective offices which they hold during their natural lives or good behavior in office. That is the way it is practiced at Washington. There is no age limit for retiring officials. We suppose the "Every Evening" would first retire the few Republicans in office before extending the terms to life tenure, as it is the Cleveland idea. There is not one voter in a hundred who favors this plan, excepting the employees themselves and they usually lose the manhood to vote. The original intention of Civil Service Reform may have been good, but in practice it is a sham, the fraud of the day.

NOMINATE TRUE MEN.
Governor Bushnell of Ohio is in the fight for United States Senator against Mark Hanna. Like Hanna, he is a millionaire, and the contest is likely to be a feast for the lobby and for members "with prices."—Ex.

The above may have a grain of truth, perhaps several grains! It is from a partisan opponent, hence due allowance must be made; but it is of the "feast from the lobby and members with prices" that we were thinking. There are here two classes—members who sell; paid lobbyists. Let us consider them.

We do not believe there is half the corruption among members of the General Assembly or any other representative body as the opposition and mugwump papers and partisans charge. Too often legislators are elected who sell their votes and influence, once to one, but like an over-ripe egg or a brazen woman one is sufficient to give a bad odor all around, to set the tongue of slander going. The writer which received at the time more abuse than perhaps any Delaware Legislature in recent years, abuse from partisan papers, but it is now recognized as one of the best bodies which have assembled in the State House for years. There may have been "members with prices" there but they were the exception. The greater difficulty to honest legislators came because of the lobby and the outside influence upon members.

"If I could make up my mind on bills as you do and stick there" said an honest but "sympathetic" fellow legislator to the writer, "I should escape all the pulling and hauling, this argument and reputation of a hound, and the weary members passed on to listen to a three-to-four talk. The writer heard appeals, sought information, and never was offered by intimidation so much as a ha' penny for his influence. He believes that was the experience of

a great majority of that General Assembly. But what of the undecided member, and why is he so?

This brings us to the lobby. Who are the lobby or the "third house?" We are sorry to say they are the honored if not always honorable members of the bar, the officials and ex-officials of the State and counties, the politician with a pull. They make lobbying a business and as representatives of another they become advocates of bills and measures which as private citizens they condemn. The lobby is an evil and lobbyists are a menace to the best interests of the State and the people. Personally they are often above reproach but so much more dangerous are they. Let the General Assembly turn its back next week and all through the session upon the lobby; let the people henceforth elect members who cannot be influenced by a lobbyist. Got you behind me, Satan, is a good motto for State House habitués for the next few months.

The "Delawarean" of Dover came to us on Wednesday as a semi-weekly issue, the management purposing to issue two papers a week for the price of one. The "Star-Democrat" of Easton, Md., which has been a semi-weekly for some months has gone back to its weekly issue, but the "Delawarean" has more money back of it perhaps than the other paper. In fact its proprietor can afford to run a paper for fun if he so desires but he has announced that such is not his purpose. He insists on the dollar a year in advance or no paper, and ten cents a line for locals and ten cents an inch for display ads. Every issue. These are fair prices and the "Delawarean" merits them. The three papers in Dover have agreed to stand by these terms. We wish Mr. Salsbury success; the "Delawarean" is a reliable paper in its news and merits success.

"NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that there is over \$237,000,000 in the U. S. Treasury, we still hear the cooing saying the Republican administration is a failure. A happy failure isn't it? With this small little sum, and plenty of cash with which to meet the heavy payments that fall due early in this month, and still have plenty of cash on hand. Bond issues are something that don't belong to this administration."—Denton Union.

OLD SUSSEX.

H. P. Cannon, of Bridgeport, has contracted with farmers to plant over 1,000 bushels of peas.

William Pullen, who attempted to shoot Bart Masten, in Milford, on Tuesday night over a woman, was taken to Georgetown Wednesday and held in \$2,500 bail.

Great catches of black perch are being made from Lover's creek, about six miles south of Lewes. To haul the net up with several bushels at a dip is no unusual occurrence. The fish are shipped to the city markets.

Thomas Hook, a white man and by trade a painter, who attempted to shoot Minnie Allen, colored being jealous over her, on Monday at Milford, gave himself up Wednesday. He was held in \$500 bail by Magistrate Cullen to appear at court.

Dr. Thomas C. Tomlinson, aged 44 years, late of Philadelphia, died at his home at Clayton on Wednesday. He was a brother of Dr. P. W. Tomlinson of Wilmington and a native of Milton, Sussex county. He gave up practice some time ago because of failing health.

Therodore Smith, David Reynolds and H. Jester, all of Milton, were each held in \$200 bail for their appearance at court by Magistrate Smith of Georgetown on Thursday for breaking into and removing goods from a beef shop of James H. Warrington in Milton. The goods were being held for rent by Mr. Warrington.

A negro giving his name as Kendal Jones was arrested near Greenwood on Wednesday and committed to jail at Georgetown. He was supposed to be Charles Thorn, the alleged murderer of Geo. D. Farr, of near Wilmington, but not being identified his release was ordered by the Attorney General.

Sussex county Pomona Grange will meet at Laurel on Thursday, the 20th inst. These granges will be discussed. A method of improving your soils. 2. Can it be done profitably in Sussex county at present prices of farm products.

James P. Morris, who recently removed to the James M. Gordy farm, about midway between Georgetown and Milton is having peculiar experiences. Morris is not a believer in the return of departed spirits, but he says his accustomed peaceful slumbers are disturbed by unpleasant dreams of the executed wife murderer, in which Gordy talks to him. It was on this farm that the tall-tale hammer, mummy pantaloons and several articles belonging to the unfortunate woman were found hidden.

"Only The Best"

Should be your motto when you need a medicine. Do not be induced to take any substitute when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Experience has proved it to be the best. It is an honest medicine, possessing the actual and unequalled merit. Be wise and profit by the experience of other people.

HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

Dr. Evans Made Two Wills.
Rodolph Evans, the only surviving brother of the late Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the famous American dentist, who died in Paris November 14, has arrived in Paris with his wife and son. It is learned from a reliable source that the original will of Dr. Evans, drawn by Arthur E. Valois, of New York, his attorney, was so badly copied by Dr. Evans, who also amended it and added several codicils, that it is very doubtful if it is legal.

It also appears that Dr. Evans made two wills, one for the United States and another for France. Rev. Wm. H. Herberton, formerly of Elkton, is named as one of the executors of the American will.

Rodolph Evans received but \$10,000 under the will. Therefore he is determined to fight the will. If his brother had died intestate he would have been entitled to half the fortune of the deceased, which, after all, amounts to exactly \$4,000,000.

Unclaimed Letters.

A list of unclaimed letters remaining in the Middletown post-office which can be had by saying they are advertised. Hop Bardsley, G. O. Chapman, Rastus Brown, Emma Burke, W. J. King.

MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.

The General Assembly of Maryland met at Annapolis Wednesday, January 6th, and will continue so long as in its judgment the public interests may require, provided it is not over ninety days, and each member to receive \$5 a day for his services while there attending to business. He also is allowed mileage not to exceed twenty cents a mile. The Speaker of the House and President of the Senate receive \$8 a day. The Assembly consists of 117 members, 50 Senators and 67 Delegates. The tenure of office is four years for a Senator and two years for Representative. The present Senate stands 18 Republicans and 8 Democrats. The House has 40 Republicans and 42 Democrats. The seats of five Democrats have been contested.

The following are the members from the Eastern shore—Senators: Caroline—Robert M. Messick, rep. Cecil—Austin L. Crothers, dem. Dorchester—Wm. F. Applegarth, dem. Kent—Charles T. Westcott, rep. Queen Anne's—Woodland P. Findley, dem. Somerset—A. Lincoln Dryden, rep. Talbot—Henry Clay Dodson, rep. Worcester—John W. Walter Smith, dem. Wicomico—Ellen E. Jackson, dem.

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Caroline—Charles H. Todd, rep. George T. Redden, dem. Cecil—John S. Wirt, dem. Wilmer D. Thompson, dem. John H. Jessup, dem. Dorchester—Alonso L. Miles, dem. Chas. W. Hackett, dem. Benjamin J. Linthicum, dem. Kent—Enoch G. Clark, dem. George E. Noland, dem. Queen Anne's—William J. Price, Jr., dem. Eugene L. Dudley, dem. S. Collins Wright, dem. Somerset—Amos I. Dougherty, rep. Isaac P. Dryden, rep. Maurice N. Carey, rep. Talbot—Hiram S. Hall, rep. Levin H. Tall, rep. Edward Woodall, rep. Wicomico—John E. Taylor, dem. Myles A. Davis, dem. John W. P. Ingram, dem. Worcester—Calvin B. Taylor, dem. Edwin Wilkinson, dem. J. Edward White, dem.

The Senate organized by the election of J. Wirt Randall, of Anne Arundel county, Speaker, M. M. Higgins of Talbot county, Clerk, and the other Republican caucus nominees. In the House eleven Baltimore Democrats have brought about a deadlock in the organization. The Democrats are said to be kicking with the bolters in interests of Senator Gorman's re-election. All is confusion in the Republican ranks.

Another Sudden Death.

Rev. Lafayette Marks, D. D. pastor of Hanover Street Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, fell dead in Baynard's jewelry store of that city Wednesday afternoon while dealing at the counter. Heart disease was the cause.

Dr. Marks was born in Virginia about 65 years ago. He was a chaplain in the Union army, preached in Philadelphia before becoming pastor of Hanover Street in 1880. His last sermon was delivered Tuesday evening, the subject "Ask questions of God." He leaves a widow and eight children. The funeral will take place this afternoon.

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Price 25c and 50c.

Three-Day Tour to Washington.

Free short journeys are more interesting or of greater benefit than a trip to Washington, the Nation's Capital, and the scene of much of vital importance; and these trips have reached their most practical and attractive form in the three-day personally conducted tours of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Besides the advantages in rates secured, the absolute freedom from care, and the general comfort and convenience afforded, an extended experience and familiarity with the city enables the Tourist Agents of this company to visit the various points of interest with the least confusion and delay and at the most opportune moments, thus insuring an economy of time not otherwise attainable.

The next tour of the season leaves Thursday, January 13. The rate is \$14.00 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes all necessary expenses during the entire trip—transportation, hotel accommodations, guides, &c. An experienced Chaplain will also accompany the party for the benefit of lady tourists.

Persons desiring to return via Gettysburg may do so by purchasing tickets at \$20.00 extra, which include this privilege. An opportunity will also be afforded to visit Mt. Vernon and Arlington at a slight additional expense.

For itineraries, tickets, and full information, apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1190 Broadway, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, but he says his accustomed peaceful slumbers are disturbed by unpleasant dreams of the executed wife murderer, in which Gordy talks to him. It was on this farm that the tall-tale hammer, mummy pantaloons and several articles belonging to the unfortunate woman were found hidden.

Dr. Buoy's Gift.
The recent death of Rev. Dr. Charles Wesley Buoy, pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, removed a staunch friend of the Wilmington Conference Academy. But it now develops that the library of the academy is enriched through his generosity. Dr. Buoy's private library of 800 volumes, valued at more than \$10,000, has been given to the school and has been added to the already large number of volumes at the disposal of the academy, which has been the principal of the academy, has arranged to have the books in an alcove to be named "The Rev. C. W. Buoy Alcove."

Dr. Buoy was a member of the Wilmington Conference in his early ministry, and in 1871 at a meeting in Smyrna, of Peninsula Methodist, he read a paper recommending the establishment of a school for secondary education in the Wilmington Conference. In three years' time the school was opened, and has ever since grown steadily in favor and now numbers among its alumni many of the leading young ministers, as well as some of the best professional and business men of the Peninsula.

Dr. Buoy married the daughter of Bishop Simpson whose widow died a few weeks since at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Buoy, in Philadelphia.

Stop dragging yourself with quack nostrums or "cures." Get a well-known pharmaceutical remedy that will do the work. Catarrh and Cold in the head will not cure suffering if Ely's Cream Balm is used. Druggists will supply 10c trial size or 50c full size. We mail it. ELY BROS., 50 Warren St., N. Y. City. Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

The TRANSCRIPT \$1.00 per year.

LITERARY NOTES.

CENTURY FOR JANUARY.

We are brought into close touch with the humane side of human life in an article in January "Century" by Gustav Kobbé, "Every-day Heroism" is its title, and the "Heroes of Peace" as he calls the examples which he cites are those who held their lives dear unto themselves, but forgotful of self they were bent on the relief of others, and many of whose lives were lost in the struggle. The first whom he brings into mention is Hovenden, the artist, who seeing the peril of a little girl, rushed into danger before an on-coming train and lost his life in the attempt. Thus the work of the great artist who the very strokes of his brush has brought to so many as they have gazed upon his "Breaking Home Ties" and "Bringing Home the Bride" the feeling of tender emotions and loving sympathy, gave his life that a little child might be saved, but the child perished with the writer. Then turns to the humble walks of life and relates how a woman who was a servant snatches a child from an awful death under a trolley, herself dying from injuries which she received in the act of a negro who stood between a runaway horse and two little children thus saving their lives, taking the shock himself which resulted in severe injuries, and of others, naming them, who died of just such heroism, closing his article with account in full detail of a circumstance which occurred during the attempt to tunnel the Hudson River between Jersey City and New York, where one man was instrumental in saving the lives of seven of the twenty-eight who were introduced into the tunnel at a time, himself lost in the attempt. And of a negro slave whose heroism in the face of fire and smoke took him to the rescue of students of Howard College, Alabama, losing his own life. All of which make us feel that in the "genius homo" there is that which goes out to others in need and if man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn the consequences of such deeds as these makes many to rejoice.

Mrs. Burton Harrison began in November Century one of her characteristic series—"Good Americans" is its title. We are introduced to the life of New York homes? Good to entertain and to be entertained is woman's chief end. It is the hour when the mistress of this domain is sitting in state, awaiting the arrival of those who may come informally for afternoon tea. It is quite interesting to note the arrival of the guests, two of whom stand out from the crowd and both of whom figure in the story as it develops. These are Sybil Gwynne, a beautiful and attractive young maiden who is under the guardian ship of a rich and designing aunt, and Peter Davenport, a young lawyer of limited means but who is gradually rising in the profession through the aid of his own efforts and is experiencing his first winter in New York life with the first mentioned individual as his guiding star. The maneuvering of Davenport in Sybil's behalf, and the many failures to bring about the results desired make us sympathize with him and on her part the barrier confronting her in the forced cohabitation with her aunt, makes one feel that with all that is laid at her feet, wealth, fame and luxury, she is an object for pity in that she is to be made a tool for her aunt's whims and wishes. We are watching the story with interest as this month's portion leaves us where the storm clouds are hanging but have not burst over the scene.

Daring Highway Robbery.

Chesterford, Md., January 6th, 1898.—A daring assault and robbery occurred at the Quaker school-house, near Long's station, between 9 and 10 o'clock last night. Charles Long, Jr., of near Towson Manor, had spent the afternoon skating on Urvellie mill pond and was returning home alone in a carriage. The moon was shining brightly, and when near the old Quaker school house he saw three colored men. One of the men asked Mr. Long if that was the road to Still Pond, and the distance to the village. He answered their questions and was about to drive on, when they demanded that he alight stating that they wanted his money. Mr. Long, who is about 23 years of age, endeavored to force his way through the crowd, but the robbers grabbed him and one of them inflicted an ugly wound across the hand and made brutal threats at his body with a knife. One stroke gashed his side, and his overcoat and other clothing were badly cut. The young man is a muscular farmer and put up vigorous resistance, but was quickly overpowered. Two men held him, and while one held the horse, the other rifled his pockets of every cent he had with him—about \$8 or \$10. Upon securing their booty, Mr. Long was released and ordered to drive on, which he promptly did. The road is not a quarter of a mile long, and to add to the daring of the assault and robbery, two residences are only a short distance away. Mr. Long states that he would be unable to identify any of his assailants. Though there are no clues as to the identity of the men, it is supposed by some that two of them are the strange negro men who recently robbed W. J. Jones' home near Towson. In this case a note for \$1,000 and other papers were stolen and scattered over the ground some distance from the scene of the robbery.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your Grocer to show you a package of GRAIN-O the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The child, even may drink it as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress; at the price of 10c. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

A Pretty Calendar.

A lovely child's head in an embossed gold frame, surrounded by sprays of flowers in mosaic, the harmonious red in blue with clear figures, makes the C. I. Hood's annual calendar one of the best received at this office. Send 6 cents in stamps for one to C. I. Wood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Jan. 3, 1898.

Today starts a merchandise movement that is of interest to women all over the land—the mid-winter sale of MUSLIN UNDERWEAR. Well on to a million garments have been gathered for this sale—the whole range of undergarments of muslin, cambric, cotton flannel and flannellette for women and children.



And it's cheap. And cheapness don't mean trashiness—for trash is dear at any price.

The garments are generous in size, are prettily made and the styles run from the simplest every-day article to the daintiest, fluffiest bit that Paris wits can conjure. The bulk of the stock is made in America—not in stuffy workrooms, but by great semi-rural organizations of bright, cleanly, well-paid women.

Modern methods, machine helps, continuous work on great quantities, bring prices below the level charged generally for "made to sell" stuff.

Come if you can—and we hope you can. But mail order shopping at Wanamaker's is entirely satisfactory.

The Philadelphia daily papers will keep you posted—of course you get them. Most everybody does, now-a-days, for market reports and quick news.

Warm Bed Clothing.

JACK FROST is laying thick floors on the skating ponds, but he makes thin when he takes a blustery mood. Happiest, snappiest weather of the year, and everybody warm as toast under blankets such as these—

MISSION MILLS BLANKETS.

The workmanship of the "Mission Mills" has added much of comfort and luxury to the world. The blankets are of great warmth and beauty—then, too, they have taught much to other makers. But the future elegance of other makes is in the "Mission Mills" Blankets of today. In these sizes—

62x80 in., 5 1/2 lbs., \$7.50 a pair
72x84 in., 7 lbs., \$8.50 a pair
78x90 in., 8 lbs., \$10.00 a pair
84x90 in., 9 lbs., \$11.00 a pair
90x96 in., 10 lbs., \$13.50 a pair

Among the blankets of more modest sorts are these of much warmth and goodness, at these little prices—

At \$2 a pair—Heavy white Blankets; size 70x78 in.; weight, 5 lbs.

At \$3 a pair—Large white Blankets; wool filling on light cotton warp; size 70x82 in.; weight, 5 1/2 lbs.

At \$3.75 a pair—Blankets made for use; specially heavy; warm and slightly; size 72x84 in.; weight, 6 lbs.

At \$5 a pair—White blankets, pure wool in warp and filling; size 74x94 in.; weight, 6 lbs.

DOWN QUILTS.

There would be little use in having our own Down Quilt factory if we did not provide better and handsomer quilts at lower prices than come in the regular way. These for your judgment—

At \$2.75 each—Covered with figured satin, in handsome patterns; pure down filling.

At \$3.75 each—Best down, figured satin, in pretty designs, in the tops; plain satons on the other side.

Four Carloads

OVER forty tons of made-up writing paper and envelopes for women!

Think of it! More than could be gathered up in all Philadelphia besides.

More than any wholesaler would dare to think of.

For over two months we have been preparing for this selling, which our experience of a year ago tells us you will be expecting at this time.

50,000 pounds of Women's Note Paper—four million eight hundred thousand sheets—and 5,000,000 envelopes to match.

The paper is "Philadelphia Linen," in Irish linen and satin finish. And the prices that such buying and selling alone make possible are for the paper—

10c a pound or 3 pounds for 25c.

For the envelopes—

12c a hundred

Each pound of paper is neatly pressed at the mill—every sheet is perfect, and ninety-five sheets in every pound.

Remarkable

NEARLY four thousand bright new garments for boys have been carefully gathered for this January selling from the three best makers of boys' clothing. Quite different from the undesirable odds and ends that January usually brings in the ordinary stores. And yet these handsome garments of latest stuffs, newly made, will probably cost less during this sale than the odds and ends we've hinted of.

These garments shown for the first time today—

At \$2.50, instead of \$4.50 and \$5—Fancy chevrot Suits for boys of 7 to 18 years; with double-breasted jackets, and knee trousers with double seats and knees.

At \$3.50, instead of \$6 and \$7.50—Chevrot and Cashmere Suits for boys of 7 to 18 years; made of high-grade American stuffs; some of the trousers have double seats and knees.

At \$4.50, instead of \$8.50 and \$9—Handsome dress-up suits of best American

SOME PEOPLE TALK

with their mouths, others with their fingers. We talk through our goods. No matter how much we talk about the goods if the goods do not talk for themselves all our descriptions would fall flat.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

From Auction of one of the largest Retail Dealers.

Men's 3-sole Tan Shoes, coin toe, brass trimmings, Goodyear welt or hand made, \$2.50, well worth \$4.

Men's Fine Patent Calf Skin Shoes, hand made, bull dog toes, made to sell at \$4.50, here \$3.50.

Children's Calf Skin School Shoes, sizes 8 to 12, 50c, worth 90 cents.

Misses' Fine Dongola Kid with patent leather tips, 50c, made to sell at 90 cents.

Ladies' Rubbers, all sizes 2 1/2 to 8, 18c the pair.

Men's Rubber Boots, Woodstock and Candee make, \$2.25.

Men's Hip Boots, Candee make, friction lined, only \$3.50.

Boys' Hip Boots, \$2.50. Boys' Short Boots, best make, \$1.75.

CLOTHING.

Men's Wool Chevrot Suits, dark brown plaids, neat and dressy, well tailored and lined, \$3.98, worth \$5.00.

Men's Fine All-Wool Suits, brown broken plaids, single and double breasted, newest patterns, new cut, fine tailored, \$4.25, worth \$6.00.

Special lot All-Wool Suits, in fancy browns and grays, single and double breasted, fine Italian cloth lining, \$7.50, you cannot find a better suit at \$10.

LADIES' CLOTH CAPES.

Black Cloth Capes in blues and black, fur and braid trimmed, 120 inches sweep, full size, \$1.59.

Ladies' Fine Cloth Capes, 120 inches sweep, fur and astrakhan trimmed, pleated backs, \$2.90.

Ladies' Fine All-Wool Cloth Capes, 140 inches sweep, high collars, pleated backs, a great bargain at \$4.40.

MUSLIN.

Hill Muslin, bleached, 1 yard wide, 6c.

Fruit of the Loom Bleached Muslin, one yard wide, 6c.

Dwight Anchor Muslin, bleached one yard wide, 7c.

Brown Muslin, extra fine and heavy, one yard wide, 5c the yard, instead of 8 cents.

10,000 yards India Blues, Grays, Blacks and White Prints, only best makes, 5c the yard.

Lancaster Gingham, 5c the yard, 10-4 Brown Muslin Sheet, fine smooth excellent sheeting, 12c the yard.

J. B. MESSICK.

stuffs, as well as some Scotch and English chevrots; for ages 7 to 10 years.

At \$5.50, instead of \$10 to \$14—Finer suits than you'll find ready-made in any other store in Philadelphia where you're willing to pay double or more. Made of English and Scotch chevrots and tweeds; also some neat patterns in suits imported from abroad.

At \$2.50, instead of \$3.50 and \$4—Sailor Suits for boys of 3 to 10 years; some in all-wool navy blue cloth, with red trimmings; others in fancy chevrots.

At \$3, instead of \$4.50 to \$6—Sailor Suits in fine navy blue and brown tweeds; some in all-wool navy blue cloth, with red trimmings; sizes 3 to 10 years.

At \$3.75, instead of \$7—Russian Brouse Suits, mostly of worsted chevrots in solid colors and fancies; all are double-breasted, have sailor collars, and fine leather belt.

At \$2.50, instead of \$4—Brownie Suits in fancy chevrots; for ages 3 to 10 years.

